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4-19-2019

# Graduate Recital: Marquis Adam Griffith, baritone

Marquis Adam Griffith

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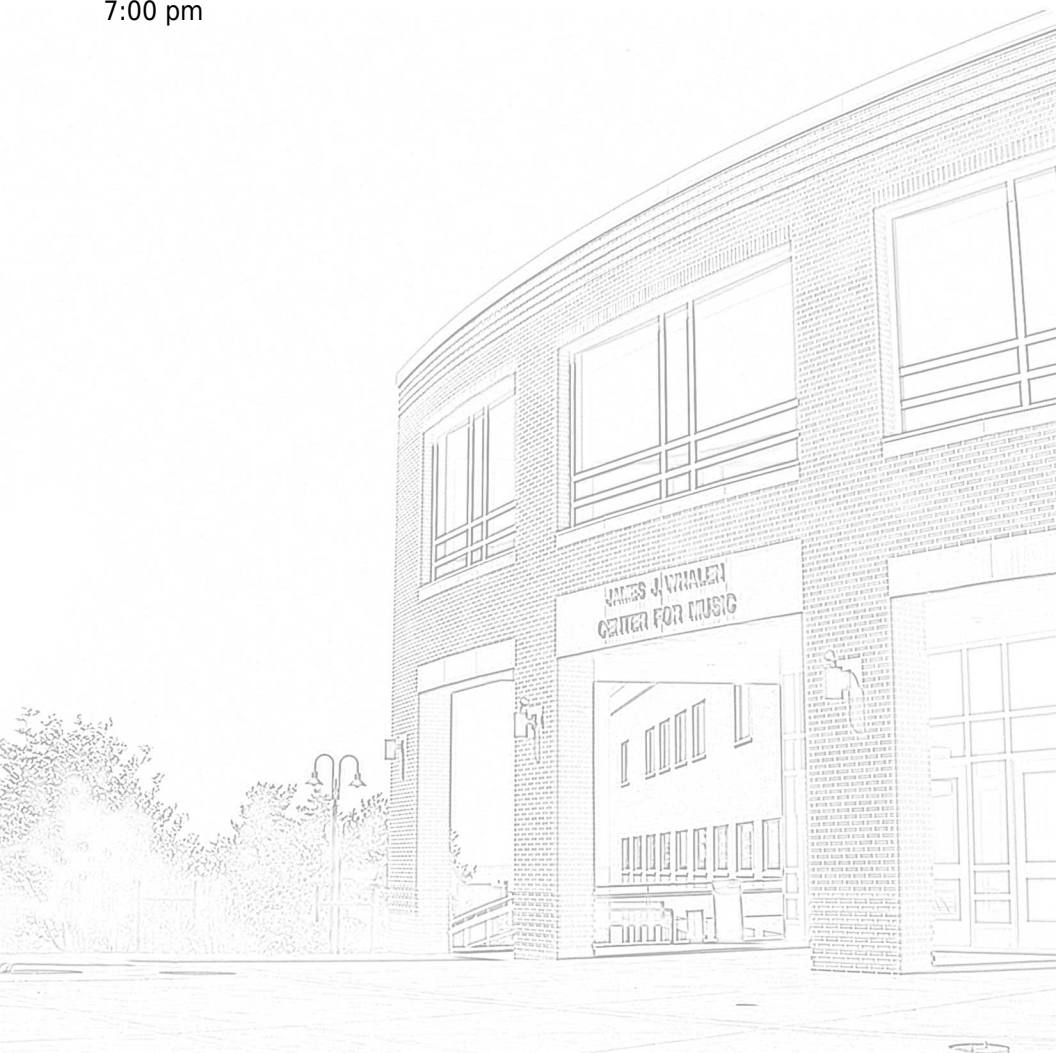
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**Graduate Recital:**  
Marqis Adam Griffith, baritone

Joon-Sang Ko, piano

Ford Hall  
Friday, April 19th, 2019  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Ode Ombre Amene Ha negl'occhi un certo incanto	Antonio Salieri (1750-1825)
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Nachtstück Ganymed Der Tod und das Mädchen Die Taubenpost	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
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Viens, mon bien-aimé!	Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)
J'ai frappé	Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)
Madrid	Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

## Intermission

"Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen" from <i>Die tote Stadt</i>	Erich Korngold (1897-1957)
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Snapshots Sneaky Squirrels Spoiler Alert! Turtle Fence	Lisa Neher (b.1985)
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Answering Machines Throughout Time Medieval Matin Chant Renaissance Madrigal In G&S Flair	Eli Villanueva (b.1960)
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Craigslist Lieder You Looked Sexy For Trade: Assless Chaps Two Years Ago, My Sister and I...	Gabriel Kahane (b. 1981)
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# Texts & Translations

## Ode

Deh, sì piacevoli  
No, non spirate,  
Soave zeffiri,  
D'intorno a me.

Le voci lugubri,  
I tetri accenti,  
I mesti cantici  
Sol fan per me.

Troppo del cielo amica! oh come presto

Da noi sparisti, sospirata invan  
E invano pianta, dolce Marianna!  
E rapirla potesti? Destino crudel!  
Ah no! Che dico?  
Umile il cenno adoro  
Ma nel pensar, di quanti pregi,  
E quanti fosti dotata,  
Quante quel tuo bel cor virtùdi accolse,

Troppo non fo, se del destin mi lagno.  
Sol scema il mio dolore  
Il ripensar, che godi, alma beata!

L'immortal corona; ne dubitar  
Degg'io che non so ben, se fossi

Tu di virtù, se tua virtù l'imagò;

O tu del ciel, o lui di te più vago.

Fra le beate  
Alme felici  
Eterna pace  
Godendo ognor;  
Deh ti sovviene!  
Che nostra fosti,  
Che vivrai sempre  
Ne' nostri cor.

-Anonymous

Ah, do not waft  
so sweetly  
around me,  
you gentle breezes.

Only gruesome voices,  
gloomy sounds,  
sad songs  
are there for me.

Too quickly, friend of the sky, oh so quickly

did you vanish, lamented in vain,  
mourned in vain, tender Marianna!  
How could you steal her? Cruel fate!  
Ah no! What am I saying?  
Humbly I bow before the sign,  
but remembering the gifts  
you had in such plenty,  
the many virtues united in  
your beautiful heart,  
it is only meet that I lay blame on fate.  
The only thing that assuages my pain  
is when I remember that you, happy  
soul! enjoy

the immortal crown; and may not  
doubt it, I who know not whether you  
are

a model of virtue or virtue is modeled  
on you,

whether heaven is lovelier than you or  
you lovelier than heaven.

Among the happy,  
cheerful souls  
enjoying eternal peace  
at all times;  
Ah, may you remember!  
that you were ours,  
that you always live  
in our hearts.

-trans. Wieland Hoban

## Ombre amene

Ombre amene, amiche piante,  
Il mio bene il caro amante,  
Chi mi dice dove andò?  
Zeffiretto lusinghiero  
A lui vola messaggero  
Dì che torni, e che mi renda

Beautiful shadows, lovely laments,  
who will tell me where  
my best and dearest is gone?  
Flattering breeze,  
fly as messenger to him,  
may the day of his return

Quella pace, che non ho.

-Pietro Metastasio

bring me the peace I have not.

-trans. Wieland Hoban

### Ha negl'occhi un certo incanto

Hà negl'occhi un certo incanto,  
Che a quest'alma affatto è nuovo:  
Che se accanto a lui mi trovo,  
Non ardisco favellar

Ei domanda, io non rispondo:  
M'arrossisco, mi confondo;  
Parlar credo, e poi m'avvedo,  
Che comincio a sospirar.

-Pietro Metastasio

In his eyes there is a certain magic  
which is entirely new to this soul:  
and when I find myself near him,  
I dare not speak.

He poses a question,  
I answer naught: blush, feel confused,  
think I speak but then notice  
that I am beginning to sigh.

-trans. Wieland Hoban

### Nachtstück

Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel breitet

Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft,  
So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und  
schreitet

Und singt waldeinwärts und gedämpft:

„Du heilige Nacht:

Bald ist's vollbracht,

Bald schlaf ich ihn, den langen  
Schlummer,

Der mich erlöst von allem Kummer.

„Die grünen Bäume rauschen dann:

„Schlaf süß, du guter, alter Mann“;

Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort:

„Wir decken seinen Ruheort“;

Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft:

„O lass ihn ruhn in Rasengruft!

“ Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt,

Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.

-Johann Mayrhofer

When the mists spread over the  
mountains,

and the moon battles with the clouds,  
the old man takes his harp, and walks

towards the wood, quietly singing:

‘Holy night,

soon it will be done.

Soon I shall sleep the long sleep

which will free me from all grief.

‘Then the green trees rustle:

‘Sleep sweetly, good old man’;

and the swaying grasses whisper:

‘We shall cover his resting place.’

And many a sweet bird calls:

‘Let him rest in his grassy grave!’

The old man listens, the old man is  
silent.

Death has inclined towards him.

-trans. Richard Wigmore

### Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herz drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!  
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!

How your glow envelops me  
in the morning radiance,  
spring, my beloved!  
With love's thousandfold joy  
the hallowed sensation  
of your eternal warmth  
floods my heart,  
infinite beauty!  
O that I might clasp you  
in my arms!

Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich, schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.  
Ich komm', ich komme!  
Wohin? Ach wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehrenden Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In euerm Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfassen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater!

-Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ah, on your breast  
I lie languishing,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press close to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst within my breast,  
sweet morning breeze,  
as the nightingale calls  
tenderly to me from the misty valley.  
I come, I come!  
But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!  
The clouds drift  
down, yielding  
to yearning love,  
to me, to me!  
In your lap,  
upwards,  
embracing and embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
all-loving Father!

-trans. Richard Wigmore

## Der Tod und das Mädchen

*DAS MÄDCHEN*  
Vorüber, ach, vorüber!  
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!  
Ich bin noch jung, geh, Lieber!  
Und rühre mich nicht an.

*DER TOD*  
Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart  
Gebild!  
Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.  
  
Sei gutes Muts! Ich bin nicht wild,  
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

-Matthias Claudius

*THE MAIDEN*  
Pass by, ah, pass by!  
Away, cruel Death!  
I am still young; leave me, dear one  
and do not touch me.

*DEATH*  
Give me your hand, you lovely, tender  
creature.  
I am your friend, and come not to  
chastise.  
Be of good courage. I am not cruel;  
you shall sleep softly in my arms.

-trans. Richard Wigmore

## Die Taubenpost

Ich hab' eine Briefftaub in meinem Sold,  
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,  
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,  
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal  
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,  
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,  
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,  
devoted and true;  
she never stops short of her goal  
and never flies too far.

Each day I send her out  
a thousand times on reconnaissance,  
past many a beloved spot,  
to my sweetheart's house.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich  
hinein,  
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,  
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab  
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben  
mehr,  
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr:  
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,  
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im  
Traum,  
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:  
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,  
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,  
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;  
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht  
Lohn,  
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der  
Brust,  
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;  
Sie heisst – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr  
sie?  
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

-Johann Gabriel Seidl

There she peeps furtively in at the  
window,  
observing her every look and step,  
conveys my greeting breezily,  
and brings hers back to me.

I no longer need to write a note,  
I can give her my very tears;  
she will certainly not deliver them  
wrongly,  
so eagerly does she serve me.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,  
it is all the same to her;  
as long as she can roam  
she is richly contented.

She never grows tired or faint,  
the route is always fresh to her;  
she needs no enticement or reward,  
so true is this pigeon to me.

I cherish her as truly in my heart,  
certain of the fairest prize;  
her name is – Longing! Do you know  
her?  
The messenger of constancy.

-trans. Richard Wigmore

### **Viens, mon bien-aimé!**

Les b'eaux jours vont enfin renaître,  
Le voici, l'avril embaumé!  
Un frisson d'amour me pénètre,  
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

The beautiful days will finally return  
And finally April is with us!  
A frisson of love passes through me,  
Come my sweet love!

Ils ont fui, les longs soirs moroses,  
Déjà le jardin parfumé  
Se remplit d'oiseaux et de roses:  
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Gone are the long, sad evenings,  
The garden is perfumed  
It is filling up with birds and roses.  
Come my sweet love!

Soleil, de ta brûlante ivresse,  
J'ai senti mon coeur enflammé,  
Plus enivrante est ta caresse,  
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

The sun flames intensely.  
It burns in my heart,  
Your caress is passionate  
Come my sweet love

Tout se tait, de millions d'étoiles  
Le ciel profond est parsemé,

All is silent, the millions of stars,  
Are scattered in the distant sky

Quand sur nous la nuit met ses voiles:  
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

-Armand Lafrique

When the night casts her veil:  
Come, my sweet love!

-trans. Ann Marie Wilcox-Daehn

## **J'ai frappé**

Ma main a frappé les portes closes  
Et d'autres mains au loin ont répondu.  
Mon front a frappé les portes closes  
Et d'autres fronts au loin ont répondu.  
Mon cœur a frappé les portes closes  
Mais l'écho de mon cœur seul a  
répondu.

-Jean-François Bourguignon

My hand has struck closed doors  
And other hands have replied from afar.  
My brow has struck closed doors  
And other brows have replied from afar.  
My heart has struck closed doors  
But only my heart's echo replied.

-trans. Anonymous

## **Madrid**

Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,  
Il court par tes mille campagnes  
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux  
noirs.  
La blanche ville aux sérénades,  
Il passe par tes promenades  
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.

Madrid, quand tes taureaux bondissent,  
Bien des mains blanches applaudissent,  
Bien des écharpes sont en jeu;  
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,  
Bien des señoras long voilées  
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille  
De tes dames à fine taille  
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;  
Car j'en sais une, par le monde,

Que jamais ni brune ni blonde  
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!

Car c'est ma princesse Andalouse!  
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse,  
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!  
C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!  
Elle est jaune comme une orange,  
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!

Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête  
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,  
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,  
Un compliment sur sa mantille

Madrid, princess of all the Spains  
Many a blue eye, many a black,  
runs through your myriad lands.

The white city of serenades,  
Many little feet pass  
through your promenades every night.

Madrid, when your bulls are bounding,  
Many a white hand applauds.  
Many banners are streaming;  
On your beautiful starry nights,  
Many a long-veiled señora strolls  
Down your blue staircases.

Madrid, Madrid, I laugh at  
Your well dressed women  
Shod in such narrow heels;  
Because I know that none in all the  
world,

Neither brunette nor blonde,  
is worth even the tip of her finger.

She is my Andalusian princess!  
My beloved, my jealous one,  
My beautiful widow in a long veil!  
A true demon, an angel!  
She is yellow like an orange,  
Lively like a bird!

Now, if you want to know  
How I made this conquest,  
It was the allure of my horse,  
A compliment on her mantilla



Et des bonbons à la vanille  
Par un beau soir de carnaval.

-Louis Charles Alfred de Musset

And some vanilla bonbons we shared  
On a beautiful evening of carnival.

-trans. Amanda Cole

### **Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen**

Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,  
es träumt sich zurück.  
Im Tanze gewann ich,  
verlor ich mein Glück.  
Im Tanze am Rhein, bei Mondenschein,  
gestand mir's aus Blauaug ein inniger  
Blick,  
gestand mir's ihr bittend Wort:  
  
o bleib, o geh mit nicht fort,  
bewahre der Heimat  
  
still blühendes Glück.

Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,  
es träumt sich zurück.  
Zauber der Ferne warf in die Seele den  
Brand,  
Zauber des Tanzes lockte, ward  
Komödiant.  
Folgt ihr, der Wundersüssen,  
  
lernt unter Tränen küssen.  
Rausch und Not, Wahn und Glück,  
  
ach, das ist des Gauklers Geschick.

Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,  
es träumt sich zurück...

-Paul Schott

My yearning, my obsession,  
they take my back in dreams.  
In the dance I once obtained it,  
Now I've lost my happiness.  
While dancing on the Rhein, in the  
moonlight,  
she confessed to me with a loving look  
in her blue eyes,  
Confessed to me with her pleading  
words:  
  
O stay, don't go far away,  
preserve the memory of your  
homeland's  
peaceful, flourishing happiness.

My yearning, my obsession,  
they take me back in dreams.  
The magic of things far away brings a  
burning of my soul  
The magic of the dance lured me, and I  
was then Pierrot.  
I followed her, my wonderful  
sweetheart,  
and learned from tears to kiss.  
Intoxication and misery, Illusion and  
happiness:  
Ah, this is a clown's destiny.

My yearning, my obsession,  
they take me back in dreams.

-trans. Hank Hammert

### **Sneaky Squirrels**

To the nineteen squirrels who are  
sitting  
in a circle on my front lawn:  
What are you planning?

### **Spoiler Alert!**

Spoiler Alert!  
Nutcracker Spoiler Alert!  
The Rat King dies.

### **Turtle Fence**

A turtle fence is exactly what you  
think it is.  
It is a fence that keeps turtles from  
getting hit by cars.

## **Medieval Matin Chant**

Matin chimes loudly ring.  
Lauds and praises we must sing.  
Therefore your call I must decline;  
Leave a message at this time.

## **Renaissance Madrigal**

Over hill and dale we frolic and play,  
Fa la la.  
So to take your call I must delay, Fa  
la la.  
If by this your wishes be dashed or  
plucked, Fa la la.  
Then I'm sorry my friend but your  
wishes be... Fa la la.

## **In G&S Flair**

I'm really very sorry  
but I haven't got the time to be at  
home  
or any other place but work.

But if you will kindly leave a message  
at the tone I promise  
I will answer very quick without a  
smirk.

Don't forget to leave a message  
'cause it really drives me crazy  
to come home and find that someone  
just hung up.

Then I wonder who it could have been

who didn't want to leave a word,  
so leave one if you please goodbye  
you're up.

## **You Looked Sexy**

You looked sexy even though you  
were having a seizure. it was in  
the hair care section at the  
Vancouver walgreens.

i was the guy in the blue shirt holding  
your legs while that old man  
put his wallet in your mouth.

let's get together when you're feeling  
less woozy

-Originally Posted: 2006-01-19  
10:16am - Portland, OR

## **For Trade: Assless Leather Chaps**

I have one pair of slightly used  
assless chaps, size 42. Perfect  
condition, barely noticeable  
stickiness.

Will trade for Spider-Man comics or  
equivilant.

-Originally Posted: 2004-09-26  
10:51pm - SF Bay Area, CA

## **Two Years Ago, My Sister and I...**

Two years ago. my sister and I went  
from NY to Catskills  
Somewhere up there at one of those  
stands  
(as it was Fall and there were  
pumpkins out)  
we pulled over and bought some  
stuff.  
One of the things we bought was a  
kind of sandwich relish. It was  
super spicy.

There is nothing you can get like it in  
the grocery stores  
(I know because I always look)  
yet I don't know what it was because  
some dipshit through out my  
bottle of it. You know those  
chopped up red peppers people  
put on sandwiches?  
It was kind of like that but so much  
more.  
If anyone knows what I am talking  
about, please tell me.  
It is driving me crazy.

-Originally Posted: 2006-05-22  
5:31am - Catskills, NY